

Of Evenings In Eden

Of Evenings In Eden

A Collection Of Poems

By Doug Tanoury



FUNKY DOG PUBLISHING



Of Evenings In Eden

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DETROIT, MICHIGAN USA



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Of Evenings In Eden

Nocturne

In the early hours of the morning,
At 2:30 and sometimes after,
I would hear my father,
Unable to sleep, couching,
His footsteps moving about,
As he transformed the kitchen
Into a concert hall,
With refrigerator doors closing loudly.
Jars could be heard opening.
Their vacuum seals hissing,
Lids rolling, spiraling and strumming
Across table or countertop,
The sound of him rummaging
Through the silver for knife, fork
Or spoon, and the glupp-glupp of him
Pouring a soda, the fizzle of it
In the glass.

Some nights now I wake up
At 2:30 or sometime after,
Unable to sleep.
In the summer, I sit out
In the quiet on the front porch step,
In winter, in the darkened living room
At the rolltop desk, but always
Avoiding the kitchen.
Indeed, I tiptoe through it, for the
Silence there has grown
Into a monument to him,
And I fear that if I click the
Glass of the pimento olive
And the sweet pickle jars
It will disturb his peace,
And any slight rattle of silverware
Will conjure his spirit.

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Piano Sonata

Things are most pure in their beginnings,
As if time somehow tarnishes
Innocence and stains
The sweetest intentions.
It is the April of things, rather than their August,
That is most lovely,
Tendrils of hope
With roots that grip tenacious and deep,
The watercolor that seeps across
A sketch of charcoal landscape.

In the rain today
I found a faint trace of music,
A fragment of melody
That is the sound of a piano sonata,
Notes that resonated softly
And make me remember
Black and white summers
When I crossed the river on Macarthur Bridge,
The sunlight
On the surface of the water shining brightly,
The waves gleaming
Like schools of chrome minnows.

It is raining and I hear my grandfather's footsteps
On each wooden step as he walks up the front porch,
I hear him stop to cough and then continue.
Memory is a fragmentary thing.
And I cannot simply decide
And struggle a great deal
And muse endlessly upon the troubling question:
Is it the April within us that God loves,
Or is the April within us God's love itself?

Of Evenings In Eden

Prelude

On nights in late June when
Daylight loiters into evenings
We walk together in the light
Just before sunset

Me barefoot ignoring good
Hygiene and sound judgment
For the sensation of still warm
Asphalt on my soles

I remark on the propensity
Of purple in wildflowers
Pointing out the clover
And the thistles blooms

And other growth that I
Do not know by name with
Similar blossoms the color
Of an Easter dress

I wonder outloud what
This pervasiveness in purple
Reveals of insect vision
She nods and smiles

I look for the cardinal
Singing in the aspen and
We stop beneath it searching
The leaves for redness
The color of sunsets and
Summer dresses of light
And flowing fabric held in
Place by thin strands

No more than strings
Draped over delicate shoulders
Bathed in the light
Just before sunset

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Rain

In dim light from Main Street
The rain falls quiet from a lapis sky
And makes the asphalt
Cut and polished onyx

Feminine the lightness
With which it falls
Womanish the wetness
Of vaporous mist

Puddles grow and make
The pavement an obsidian surface
Rippled in random fashion
By invisible drops

The source of which seems
To bubble up from below
Rather than sprinkle and
Strike from above

The rain resting
In cool dampness against
The lustrous blackness
The hardness of night

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Raindrops

Raindrops falling across the awning
Make the sounds of sparrows walking

The splatter-patter as they hit
Is the sound of a sparrow's feet

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The House That Is Gone

I went to the house that is gone where
Only a fence stands about a well-kept lawn
An area of empty ground covered with grass
Grave like

In its quiet and too small a space to contain
All it does on a morning in September I park
At the curb and look for something
That remains

But I can find nothing of what
Once stood on the corner lot where
Rohns Street meets Gratiot Avenue
Only me

Of Evenings In Eden

Regrets On A Sunday Afternoon

Sorry that I had fallen asleep
On the sofa on Sunday afternoon
When you stopped by
And I regret sincerely
That you spent your time
And drove all that way
Just to hear me snore
The next time we meet
You will see that
I will try and speak at length
And will not slip into sleep

Of Evenings In Eden

A Cardinal Along the Clinton River

A cardinal
perches on a tree stump near the
river. . .burning red

The river bottom changes
from gray to green to brown

Leaves cover the ground
variations of brown range
from dark to light

All the shades blending into the
color of a woman's thigh

The fallen leaves remind me
of her legs in a short skirt
wearing tan hose

It's not her legs that interest me
it's other parts of her

I've come to believe
that spirit shapes the body
we turn inside out

What's in us
In time becomes our face

She smiles and both
teeth and gums show . . .creases
where her mouth ends

Creases that form at each end
of her mouth serving no function

Wrinkles in each
cheek put both teeth and gums
in quotation marks

I dress to leave her before dawn
trying not to wake her

Of Evenings In Eden

She tells me as I
leave for my morning run
along the river

Smiling with facial punctuation
"have a nice run honey"

I jog along a
blacktop path that runs through the
woods along the river

The leaves have all fallen and the woods
are variations of black and gray

A cardinal
perches on a tree stump near the
river. . . burning red

Of Evenings In Eden

Resting

Cooling from a morning run
I rest against a car in the drive
And see myself in the windshield
Like some vision or apparition
Vapor rises from my wet sweats
And hair as I stand in the
Sunrise light ghostlike
A solitary spirit haunting the
Driveway near three pine trees

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At The Russell Street Cafe

Hypnotized by the rapid rotation
Of ceiling fan blades I remember
Saying “this place feeds my soul”

A feast for the senses and motion
To surrounding air that carries
A blue grass tune and tell her

“I love the sound of mandolins”
As I listen to the cacophony
Of conversations and kitchen sounds

The chink of china being loaded
In a dishwasher and the metallic
Clang of steel utensils

My eyes shift from hardwood ceiling
To the black fracture lines in white
Ceramic tiles along the floor

A green canvas awning shading a
Window is translucent with bright
Sunlight that serves as background

For a portrait of her holding a cup
To her lips with both hands
Hiding a smile from the waiter

As I place my order with the most
Perfectly alliterative line
“Soup and a side of spuds”

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Seasons Past

Shall I write of autumn gone
And winter passed as well
And the spring now slowly slipping
Toward summer

Shall I write of what's become of touch
And how it too has slipped away
Not vanishing suddenly
But disappearing rather slow
And steadily like the rain
Evaporating from puddles
On the pavement

And I say welcome
To the dry season
Where seeds lie dormant
And green turns brown
As the softness of earth
Hardens to a barren surface

My life passes in draught
Under blue topaz skies
Unmarked by clouds
Where fingers touching my arm
Tremble slightly like blades
Of grass struck by raindrops
In the dim-lit corners
Of seasons passed

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Wings

Poetry flies with
The fragile balsa wood wings
Of dime store gliders.

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Love Is Green

Like a stand of junipers
Set in the white background
Of a winter landscape
My love is green

As charcoal trees rise from
White chalk fields lying still
Under deepening purple skies
My love is green

Where sound is December wind
And movement is low clouds
Changing shape and color
My love is green

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Monument

If I were a sculptor
I'd craft a bed of stone
Where illusions of warmth
And softness can lay together

A bed of marble
As white as linen sheets
An Ara Pacis to our
Pax Romano

Of nights that wander
Aimless in the forum of memory
Haunting like the cats
That run wild in the coliseum

To the stoic voice
That adds in parenthetical whisper
"Vespasian's amphitheater"
And edits my histories

As a monument to
The soft sound of her footsteps
Her hand resting warm
Against cold stone

A place she can sleep
Eternally entombed and buried
Deep within the catacombs
Of all these poems

Of Evenings In Eden

My Front Porch

At the wooden storm door
The glass reflecting a new me
As I reach for the handle

I stare around me unable now
To believe that I am back
To the place where I began

Looking to the underside of awning
And tongue and groove panels
The paint faded and peeling

Around the light fixture that
Never worked and the swing
Rusted with makeshift cushions

The posts and railings
White paint chalks to fingers
And clothes when rubbed

The weathered red bricks that
Frame the door are faded and
Chipped with mortar missing

The porch boards creek as I
Shift my weight to pull open
The wooden storm door

But I soon loose my courage,
Turn around and take a seat
On the front porch steps

There are no blossoms to pick
In winter but only pick off peeling
Paint from the gray steps and wait

Of Evenings In Eden

Macarthur Bridge

There is a bridge in the city
That is a long series of arches
Rising white above gray waters

My grandfather who knew nothing of
Architecture engineering of physics
Would cross it with me in summer

I often stand on the river's edge
And watch it floating cloud like
Yet solid symmetrical and still
He possessed a genius for fun
And we would walk on the island
Past canals, campaniles and fountains

Only the waves and true clouds
Speed with wind and sweep the landscape
Dominated by bridge water and sky

My grandfather the Leonardo of laughter
A Michelangelo of mirth would
Practice his art wherever he went

A bridge stylized and ornamental
Spans the river in large arches that
Float weightless above dark water

Of Evenings In Eden

Passion Poem

Something in me died today
Ever so quietly it passed
It had lingered sickly
For quiet some time you know
So while it was not totally unexpected
Its passing is still a shock
I for one am glad the suffering is over

And here in this season
Of death and rebirth the symbolism
With irony so cutting
It hurts so deeply to understand
I shall mourn and grieve
In solitude and feel at oddly
Silent moments the loss

Dark is the tomb and
Bright is the light of our rebirth
To new life and the discovery of
Liberation in casting off the shrouds
And winding sheets that bind us
With our old form and cloak
The newness of our beginnings

Of Evenings In Eden

One Eye Open

Lying next to her
As she sleeps
In the near light
Of a November morning

With one eye open
I survey the lines
Of her face in profile
Against a blue wall

Some lines straight
Others gently curved
Meeting and touching
In my one eye open

Her skin the color
Of sand dunes
Rising and falling
Along a blue lake

As I extend a finger
To test and touch
The soft geometry
Of her nose.

Of Evenings In Eden

Macarthur Bridge II

Perfect white arches in long succession
Beautifully styled like a Roman aqueduct
Rising to span the deeply blue water

The interplay of light and shadow make
Me recall freedom on August afternoons
Without end and the smell of the river

Persistent in the air the call of gulls
That perch on ornamental caissons and
Point sharply upward to summer skies

This bridge is a bold banner for a boy
Loitering along its way leading to
Ducks and deer and fountain mist

Refreshing sounds in cool pavilions
Carousel rides with calliope tunes
Picnic tables and wooded trails

Perfect white arches that span the years
A structure of light and shadow
That is the long bridge to my boyhood

Of Evenings In Eden

Miracle of Science

I drink from elaborate glass
Elongated and oddly shaped
Like laboratory apparatus

A graduated cylinder
Or long-necked flask
With a pimento olive

Floating lazily in solution
That is the embryo of feeling
Gone unexpressed and

Unshared tonight
And I marvel at the chemistry
That has transformed me

To this new age amalgam
As a barmaid hovers over me
More like a hurrying clinician

Than an angel fluttering
In her movements a vision brighter
Than the surrounding darkness

I use the swizzle stick like a
Glass probe to awaken feeling
Floating in gestational slumber

Of Evenings In Eden

Missa Aeterna Christi Mumera

And as she talked to me
I thought that the sound of her voice
Was closer to song than normal speech
And I no longer listened to what she said
The words lost all meaning
But only retained the qualities of sound
Pitch and tone
Note and timbre
I heard the melody of phrase
The music in each sentence
In conversation that moved
Like a concerto progressing
Through movements

And I was charmed as she talked
As if she spoke a medieval chant
In Latin resplendent and sacred
Echoing from vaulted ceilings and
Walls articulated in arched windows
Flowering pilasters
All held toward heaven
By wide marble columns
With Corinthian capitols
And it must be so when the angels
Talk to God
Their voices so sweet
He must be distracted

Of Evenings In Eden

Moved

Legend has it
That the voice of Orpheus
Could move stones

And in a word
I must say
That I am moved

In ways never imagined
Soft and imperceptible
Slow and silent

Which is the way
Of the first moments
In awakening

Of Evenings In Eden

On The Shore

At the Mariner's Hospital
The nurses would
Set old sailors in wooden
Wheelchairs right at the water's edge.
I'd see them in the afternoon
Wearing pajamas or robes
And on summer mornings
With blankets draped across their shoulders.

Some looked out over the lake
Other stared down at their feet,
A few slept stretched out in the sun
Like driftwood on the shore, and only
The steam whistles of freighters
Navigating the narrow channel
Would rouse them.

Of Evenings In Eden

Eastern Market

At the Eastern Market I bought
Five small pomegranates and
Two sweet Spanish onions,
But mostly I browse the farmer's stalls.
I held a passion fruit in my palm
Weighing it with slight lifting motions
Amazed at the texture and coolness
Of its skin.

On plywood panels resting on baskets
were large wooden bushels
Of hot peppers the yellows,
Greens and reds all intermixed.
And on another, a large mound
Of cauliflower and broccoli.
The green and white together struck me
As still life, and I stopped a moment
Just to look.

There is poetry in produce,
But in the market stalls
I always wish I was a painter
For the sight of pale cabbages
Glowing with an inner green, and
Italian tomatoes, the color
Of summer sunsets, piled
High in baskets make me stop
In amazement.

The sound of vendors barking
All blend together and echo in
The church like shadows:
CANT-a-LOPE, THREE-for-TWO-dollars.
NAVE-all OR-an-GES SWEET-as-SUGAR
WAT-er-MEL-lon, JUST-like-CANDY
CANT-a-LOPE, CANT-a-LOPE,
THREE-for-TWO-dollars,
WAT-er-MEL-lon, WAT-er-MEL-lon
I browse the market stalls listening
To the poetry in produce.

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Her Similes

Sitting on the porch at night
With her wondering when
The pines had grown so tall

She points to their branches
Shadowed on the lawn and
Says they look like dreadlocks

And I as always am touched
By the sweetness of her similes
And the gentle gestures of

Hands gliding in moonlight
Like the wings of white pigeons
That fly in slow circles

Finger's slender frailness like
Bird legs made for light landings
On feathered tips of dreadlock pines

Of Evenings In Eden

Nativity of Our Lord Church

I kneel in the pew with hands folded like a boy again
And study the tiles on the floor of the nave
With flowers and crosses and fishes imprinted
In relief now worn down by soles of many passing feet

And the green and lavender marble columns
Crowned with Corinthian capitols that lead toward
The asp that rises to a dome above the sanctuary
And parenthetically encloses the Latin phrase
VENITE ADOREMVS

I tried to read as a child
And could make no sense of but only now
It has meaning and I see my life as a journey
Toward understanding puzzling phrases

And somewhere in the stained-lit darkness
Alone in the depth of a cavernous church
Is a boy who is counting the columns and
Fish swimming in circular patterns on floor tiles

A boy invisible now in the holy twilight
That fills old basilicas and give only enough light
To count the pattern on coffered ceilings and the number
Of shadowed spokes in the wheel window

And find myself now in the middle of service
Counting the Saints in a stained glass panel
Now my lips moving silently as if in prayer
Mouthing the words VENITE ADOREMVS

Of Evenings In Eden

Near The Pond

On a bench
Loitering
Near the pond
Listening
To fountain sounds

And Watching sparrows
Fluttering
Between the shrubs
Hypnotized
By trees moving

In the wind
Repeated
Leaves like fabric
Rustling
Through every sapling

Near the pond
Listening
To fountain sounds
Loitering
On a bench

Of Evenings In Eden

Newport Beach

An Upscale Fantasy

In a beachhouse by the ocean
Behind a low garden wall
I glimpsed for a moment
The life I should have lived
Lying beneath a tall palm topped with
An asterisk of green that punctuates a
Catalina blue sky.

And the life I should have lived
Leaning back lazily in a
Canvas-backed beach chair
Speaking to me slowly in words
Slightly slurred saying: "Moondoggy,
Let the drycleaners keep
Your suits."

And for a while all my worries
And silly fears were left forgotten
On the rocky beach of the life
I never wanted but clung to, as I
Drifted amid riptides and
Ocean currents with nothing else
To grasp.

Now I'm at the point of just
Sitting in the sun, smoking cigarettes
And sipping scotch, watching young
Women in slight bikinis wiggle tattoos
In the blue-green brightness
Of a July afternoon in Newport
By the sea.

Of Evenings In Eden

Odysseus's Dog

He would welcome me
At the door and press his
Face against my thigh

At odd and unexpected hours
He alone would greet me as I stood
In the doorway luggage in hand

He forgave all my goings
And comings and the
Simple waywardness of me

Absence without explanation
Seemed just an inexplicable fact
Of me like the uniqueness of scent

And in my midnight entrances
It seemed to me like he alone saw
Who I was beneath my guise

Of Evenings In Eden

Of Evenings in Eden

When God put Adam to sleep in the garden,
I often wonder if he dreamt
Of birds in the sky,
Fish in the sea
And stars spread across the firmament
Or if in his dreams
He walked alone with God
Along the river
In the coolness
Of evenings in Eden.

And I often wonder too,
If when he woke and saw her,
The last creature of God's creation
Laying beside him,
He spoke
Or awakened her
With a silent touch,
That in its simplicity
Spoke completeness
In the world
Finally finished.

Of Evenings In Eden

Morning Cough

On the corners of South Main
And East Fourth
Morning sunlight intersects shadows
In a junction of light and darkness

I cough from breathing the cold air
As I walk along Main Street and
Am surprised at how much
The sound reminds me of my father

Like a pen and ink sketch
Stark and winterbare trees
Set at regular and measured distance
Are lonely sentinels in an empty street

I remember his signature cough
That was his hello before he spoke
And a goodbye before he left
And am shocked at the source

Gray pigeons with white-tipped wings
Fly in a bank's façade near sharp verticals
Of classical columns and long horizontals
Of cornice borders of light and shadow

A cough is reflex a thing outside of
Our control a spasm in the throat
A contraction of the lungs that speaks
To me now in the voice of my father

In the finely tuned contrast of morning
Just after sunrise shadows seem more alive
Than the things that cast them
At the intersection of light and darkness

Of Evenings In Eden

Philosophical Gray

There was a time I would have cared
As the white in my hair multiplies
Like protozoa in a test tube in what
Seems to be reproduction by fission

Each season that passes leaves me
With more salt than pepper and a bald
Spot that grows like a dust bowl desert
Moving slowly across my scalp

And if I had time to care I would be
Somewhat concerned at a changing
Physiognomy that is transforming me
From my father to my grandfather

Of Evenings In Eden

She She Shelia

She She Shelia brought me
A bronze bust of Benito Mussolini
For my birthday.

El Duce stares sternly
From the mantle beside
Smiling school pictures

Of the children.
She says it's a stoic
Fascist pose.

I roll my eyes
And imagine a war
Deep in Ethiopia.

She says he simply
Saw his opportunity
For a little viva Italia.

Now in the evenings
I raise a lone glass to Benito,
And to She She Shelia

Who's out chasing
Her own opportunity
For a little viva Italia.

Of Evenings In Eden

Sleeping Close

She sleeps
Her forehead against my temple
I feel the warmth
Of her brow and

I lie awake wondering
If dreams can jump
Like hungry fleas
From her head to mine

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She

There was a time
Once at a distant point
In her personal history
When she had nothing
But him and all the things
That drove her to him
A large collection
Of sad dreary things
All the tiresome duties
And binding obligations
That make each moment
Without him a link
In the long chains
Of empty days

She drinks moments
With him like sweet wine
Consumed and as spirits
Will somehow changes her
And her mood lifts
And her passion rises
And she laughs
Far from the all she knows
And all she owes where
All responsibilities are little boys
Who play with dirty faces
Wearing torn jeans
In the alleys lined with leaning
And dilapidated garages

She drinks him greedily
On summer afternoons
She escapes in him
Far from the faded red brick
And torn screens and the
Paint peeling from the wood
Frame windows and eaves
In her peacock-blue Ford
She would go to him

Of Evenings In Eden

She's A Smoker

I smell her just before she appears
And for a bit after she has gone
An odor in a rising nimbus
That attends her and precedes her
In every room and lingers a few
Paces behind her when she walks away

She waves seductive trails
As she talks and gestures
Each word visible as she exhales
And I wonder how "love" would look
And if it would be white or gray
From mouth or nostrils

Would it hang in mid-air like a dialog bubble
That comic characters speak
Or would it float in liquid currents
With French twists braid and snake out one opening
And in another all this I wonder and more
But mostly how love would look

And if her kiss tastes bitter
Or dry as ash from what inside her
Smolders slow and burns quiet
With smoke that floats in lazy strands
Lightly through her hair and is
The shadow of a lover's hand

Of Evenings In Eden

Clouds

Yesterday as I flew home
At high altitude
I noticed how white

Clouds were in sunlight
Like starched stiff
Surplices we wore on the

Altar at Nativity church
As boys under bright
Lights focused on us

Clouds in August skies
Are big and expanding
Leviathans swimming

Through ocean blueness
Trailing tentacles of mist
And like growths of coral

They move toward shapes
Surreal with inchoate
Movements in

Clock hand imperceptibility
As I sit in dull grayness
Of their deep interiors

Ethereal mother-of-pearl calls
Her memory out of other thoughts
And she abruptly appears

My fingers delicately press
The plane's portal glass as
If touching sacred vestments

Of Evenings In Eden

Sleeper

When you return, come unnoticed,
Steal back silently late at night, and
Let your entrance be mostly unseen,
Without a trumpet voluntary
To mark the moment
And no grand polonaise,
But return like a tired worker
At the end of the midnight shift,
Moving slowly in the darkness,
Quiet, as not to awaken those who slumber
And dream deeply in metered respiration.

When you come back again,
Let your footsteps fall in the hallway, pianissimo,
Your shadow moving through the bedroom doorway
Just a bit ahead of you.
The nocturne of silhouetted movements as you undress
And clothes fall to the floor
With the muffled rustling of a bird taking flight,
The half-step inversion of you
Peeling back the bedspread and sheet
And your weight shifting on the mattress.

Of Evenings In Eden

Sleeping Lizard

On a summer afternoon
A lizard in a tree limb sleeps in the sun
Its skin the shade of weathered bronze
A hue of slight variation from the foliage nearby
That frames the stillness of its form

And like a metal sculpture
Heated and hammered within a forge
With ridges and peaks beaten down its back
While only the leaves move
Ever so slightly in the breeze

Until the slow movement of one round eye
Rolling in a socket up and down
Forward and aft while the tongue blinks
Blinding quick and flashing forked
Like the lightning from a summer storm

Of Evenings In Eden

Heaven's Snow

Snow like a marble altar
Covered with sacred linen
Set against

The photographic negative
Of gray transparency skies and
The dark

Lacework of winter trees
Still and unmoving in a
Landscape where

The only movement is the grainy
drifting of small snowflakes
That float

In freefall like grace from God
That falls lightly from heaven
More spirit

Than substance into the cold
Uncaring of a Sunday afternoon
In January

Of Evenings In Eden

Soliloquy To Frozen Produce

I linger in the frozen produce aisle
And lean over the open coolers to feel the cold
To whisper words transformed to misty vapor
As if I had some power to warm
Or give some final call to consciousness
To frozen boxes of lima beans
As if by touch I could wake them and
I grasp and squeeze an icy ear of corn
Like bony wrist of a cadaver
Or a cryogenic arm in a bio-farm

I speak softly over them
Awaken sweet peas and crinkle cut french fries
Arise you asparagus spears and brussel sprouts
Shake off the frost green beans and cauliflower
And all the spirits asleep
So deeply in this frigid air
Dreaming of sunlight and earth
Of wind and rain
Remembering the blackbird
And listening for the crow
For the doom that awaits you is a warm hand
Of an unintelligent housewife
And the unimaginative dinner conversation
That will lull you to sleep forever

Of Evenings In Eden

Sparkling Meeting

Near the fountain in the pond
We sat in the shade of a small tree
Her head resting on my shoulder
And my head resting on hers

I sat quietly listening to wind
The falling water spray
And sparrows fluttering over
The lily pads and waterlilies

In a sunlit garden near the pond
I listened with ear pressed against
Her head for the sound of her
Thoughts on a summer day.

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Spirit of Detroit

Weathered bronze is transformed
Into a carved jade sculpture
That wears only a loincloth
And sits lotus style
In a stance of introspection

And I have often thought
He is too muscular and strong
Indeed, to embody this city
He should be as skinny and gaunt as Gandhi
His face less Caucasian
His eyes more Mongoloid
His nose more Negroid
And his head shaved bald like a Buddhist monk

And he should hold
In one hand uplifted an handgun
In the other a knife
And across his torso his body should bear
All the scars of bullet entry wounds and surgeries

I would melt down this bronze
And recast it
To capture incarnate in the metal
A spirit that this city more closely resembles
That depicts violence and ignorance
The wholesale impoverishment of my home

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Spirit

Time and again I hear her
As she goes barefoot
Down the darkened hall.
I hear her soles
Shuffle across the tile,
A nocturnal apparition
That makes me whisper
In the darkness,
“Ah, Lenore”.

Nightgown and robe
Flow weightless in her wake.
How pale and phantom like
“I see her stand”.
Walking in the hall,
She seems to float
And not walk,
Her feet white
Against the floor.

And when she
Is not there any longer,
I will hear her still,
The rustle of garments,
The sound of feet that float
And never touch the floor,
And one name
I listen for
Whispered in the night.

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About Doug Tanoury



Doug Tanoury is primarily a poet of the Internet with the majority of his work never leaving electronic form. His verse can be read at electronic magazines and journals across the world. Collections of poetry by Doug Tanoury can be found at Funky Dog Publishing

<http://www.funkydoggpublishing.com> and Athens Avenue

<http://mywebpages.comcast.net/dtanoury1/Athens/index.htm>

This and other ebook collections of poetry by Doug Tanoury can be read and downloaded at: <http://home.comcast.net/~dtanoury1/Tanoury.html>

Doug grew up in Detroit, Michigan and still lives in the area.

Doug Tanoury credits his 7th grade poetry anthology from Sister Debra's English class, *Reflections On A Gift Of Watermelon Pickle And Other Modern Verse*, (Stephen Dunning, Edward Lueders and Hugh Smith, (c) 1966 by Scott Foresman & Company) as exerting the greatest influence on his work. He still keeps a copy of it at his writing desk.